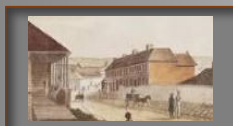


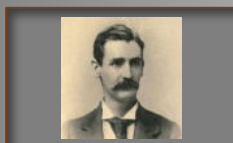
Missing Link

Cooroy-Noosa Genealogical & Historical Research Group Inc.



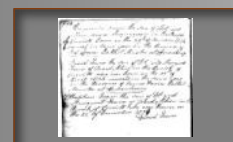
Australia's First Bank Robbery

Page 3



Henry Lawson

Page 5



Letters

Page 9

Story of Love and War

Page 18

My Childhood School P 20 - 28

54

May 2024



The Heritage Centre, 17 Emerald Street, Cooroy.

Open Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday 9.30 am -1 pm

Other times by appointment.

Research fees: Members \$2 per session Non-Members \$10 per session

Email: info@genealogy-noosa.org.au Phone: 07 3129 0356

Website: www.genealogy-noosa.org.au

Editorial

Welcome to Issue 54 of the *Missing Link*. Learn about Australia's First Bank Robbery, the Life of Henry Lawson and a touching story concerning a coin. School day stories will take you back to the 1940s, 50s and 60s with warm school milk, parade, blackboards, chalk, nibs and ink wells. Do you remember writing long descriptive letters, maybe love letters, that differ from today's impersonal text messages? Finally, we have added four historical letters that you may find intriguing.

Enjoy *Missing Link* 54.

Liz, Helga and Louise

President's Report

As per our revised Constitution this will be my last year as President and I should like to take the opportunity of reflecting on the past three years of working with a fantastic and energetic Management Team. Congratulations to them on the way they have conducted the business of the CNG & HRG Inc. allowing the Association to maintain its position of envy amongst similar groups. I shall list some of the many changes that have occurred over the past three years:

- Revision and update of the Constitution;
- Expanded Management Committee from 3 to 7;
- Implementation of the EFTPOS facility;
- Installation of black out blinds to improve large screen viewing;
- Installation of a 6.6Kwh Solar System (50% NSC Grant);
- Term investment of 75% of funds;
- Onboarding of independent Financial Auditor;
- Installation of a roof over the rear entrance;
- Adding a MyHeritage subscription to provide additional research opportunities;
- Implementing the ability to hold ZOOM programs.

Thank you to the many volunteers who have donated their time and energy and thus provided the valuable research service available to the Community. Complacency should not be allowed to govern the Group moving forward as we need more volunteers with new ideas and fresh energy, thus allowing the Group to survive and prosper. I wish the incoming Management Team all the best.

Regards Tom

Australia's First Bank Robbery

In September 1828, convict Thomas Turner, masterminded a clever plan to rob a bank by digging through into the basement of the Bank of Australia which was situated in Lower George Street, Sydney. Turner knew that he would be an obvious suspect, as he had previously converted the basement of the building into a strong room for the bank. The plan was to enter the sewer which ran into the Tank Stream and adjoined the bank strong room and dig through the flooring and gather the loot undetected. Turner divulged his plan to James Dingle, a shoemaker and former convict and Dingle recruited George Farrel, shoemaker and ex-convict; William Blackstone, a blacksmith and John Creighton, a slater and plaster who had laid the strong room floor. Overall, it appeared to be a well-qualified group with valuable knowledge and experience.

The men commenced their plan by accessing a grate in the drain found in the passageway between the bank and the *Keep within Compass* Hotel. They entered the drain and found the spot directly under the strong room floor. The floor was five feet thick and they worked over several Saturdays with Blackstone's blacksmith tools, finally breaking through the floor. On Sunday 14 September, the three men plus Valentine Rourke, an ex-convict found themselves in front of \$14,000, which is about \$20 million today.



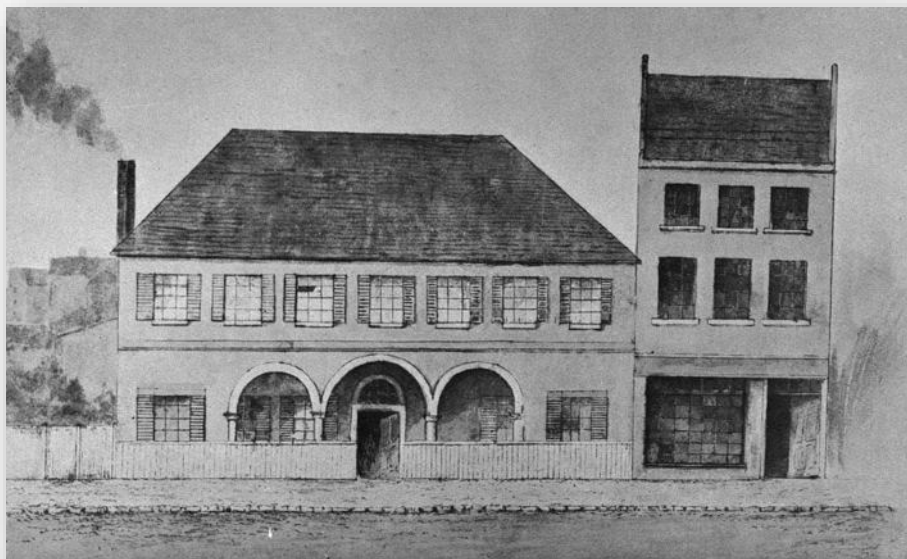
Courtesy of Trove

The robbery was discovered on the Monday morning following the incident. It was the first bank robbery in the colony and the public, staff and directors were surprised and shocked. A reward of £100 was offered for information leading to the discovery of the thieves. The offer was enhanced by the promise of a free pardon and passage to England for any of the robbers informing on their associates which produced results some fourteen months later.

In the meantime, the government produced new notes and withdrew the old. This forced the public to venture into the bank to claim new ones and explain how they had acquired the old notes. Some answers were rather flimsy and the Police questioned them further. Several people were charged with handling stolen goods and sentenced to seven and up to fourteen years incarceration in the Moreton Bay Penal colony. Several packages of stolen money were discovered - £140 in the rafters of the Rocks public toilets, £50 under a rock near Liverpool St and £2959 under a stone at Darling Harbour by an orphan child. These findings were rewarded with a 5% cash value of the sum stolen. The orphan child was given £148, which was a tidy sum in those days.

How did the police achieve their breakthrough? Blackstone, the blacksmith proved to be the weak link. Instead of keeping his nose clean and out of the reach of police, he continued to commit crimes. He was sentenced to fourteen years on Norfolk Island for highway robbery. He kept quiet for the first twelve months of his sentence and then fell to the promise of the publicised pardon and made a confession, naming Dingle, Farrell, Rourke and Creighton as accomplices. He named Thomas Woodward as a receiver of some of the money. Creighton and Rourke were unable to be questioned and convicted as Creighton had died and Rourke had returned to Ireland.

In 1831, Dingle who had organised the gang, but removed himself from the scene on the day of the robbery was sentenced to *life* on Norfolk Island. Woodward was found guilty and incarcerated for 14 years. Blackstone was awarded £100 and a pardon, but continued to commit crimes and ended up back on Norfolk Island with his associate. Thomas Turner, the ideas man was unable to be charged due to a lack of evidence, although it appears that he disposed of his share of the money before being suspected. The remainder of the money, which was a very large sum was never recovered. The Bank of Australia barely recovered and some twenty years later completely went under.



The Bank of Australia was established in 1826 and located in the Joseph Underwood Building in Lower George St Sydney.



Henry Lawson

Henry Lawson wrote stories and poems that sought the good in man, he recognised the genuine nobility in mankind which had nothing to do with wealth. He placed this view of life in opposition to the practical harshness of the Australian environment – the bush, the slums and the gaol. It is said that his work rests on hope and love. He summed up his attitude with *Tis the hope of something better that will save us in the end*. Lawson explored the lives of people from the bush and the city who struggled to rise above the breadline. His work may appear dark and depressive, but it expresses hope and humour.



Lawson was born to a Norwegian gold digger – Niels Larsen and his Australian-born wife – Louisa Albury, on the 17th of June 1867 on the Grenfell goldfields. Neils Larsen left Norway in 1852, broken-hearted after his brother won the heart of the woman he loved. He sought gold at Eurunderree, near Mudgee and married eighteen-year-old Louisa Albury. Louisa was a tall strong girl who wished to make something of her life. At the end of 1867, the Lawson family moved back to New Pipeclay, about 5 miles from Mudgee and Neils Lawson applied for two acres of land in Sapling Gully, which lay on the Gulgong – Mudgee Road and built a slab and timber hut. This was later broken up and transported to Gulgong where the family lived for two years. Louisa and her sister opened a dress-making shop and Neils dug for gold. The family's fortune looked rosey but it slowly diminished and the family moved back to Sapling Creek and built a substantial timber cottage on forty acres.

Finally, Henry Lawson's family of five settled and created a small farm with father Neils running the post office. Henry attended school for short periods, but the onset of deafness created an isolation and introspection in him that may have enhanced to his writing ability. This ability may also have been inherited from his suffragette mother who wrote a poem *A Mother's Answer*, about the death of one of her nine-month-old twin daughters, which was said to have forever haunted Henry Lawson.

A Mother's Answer

You ask me, dear child, why thus sadly I weep
For baby the angels have taken to keep:
Altho' she is safe, and for ever at rest,
A yearning to see her will rise in my breast
I pray and endeavour to quell it in vain
But stronger it comes and yet stronger again
Till all the bright thoughts of her happier lot
Are lost in this one _ my baby is not
And while I thus yearn so intensely to see
This child that the angels are keeping from me,
I doubt by the time where her spirit has flown –
If the love e'en of angels can fully atone
For the loss of a mother's mysterious and deep.
I own that thought sinful, yet owning it - weep



Louisa Lawson 1848-1920

By the age of thirteen Henry Lawson had abandoned school altogether and worked with his father on government building contracts. In 1883 Louisa and Neils Lawson parted ways and Louisa moved to Sydney and ran a boarding house. Henry was apprenticed to a coach painter and later attended night school to improve his education. Mother, Louisa attempted to enter journalism and struck up a friendship with a group of radicals interested in political reform. Lawson became an enthusiastic supporter of the group and began his writing career as a nominal editor of the group's newspaper, *The Republican*, which was published by his mother Louisa.

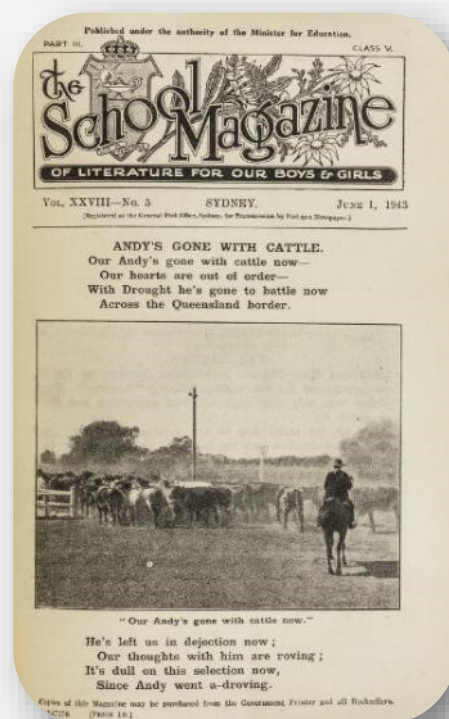
In 1887 Henry Lawson travelled to Melbourne to seek medical treatment for his deafness, but sadly there was no improvement. He continued writing and submitting articles to the *Bulletin*, the *Dawn*, a women's monthly periodical and the *Boomerang*, a weekly newspaper in Brisbane. He also contributed to the *Freeman's Journal*, in which he compared life in the city to that experienced in the bush. Encouraged by A.B. Paterson, Lawson began to assemble two collections of writing to fulfill a contract with publisher Angus and Robertson.

On 15th April 1896 Henry Lawson took a most disastrous step, he married nineteen-year-old Bertha Bredt. The couple spent some time in New Zealand where their two children were born. They returned to Sydney and it was here that Lawson felt trapped with endeavouring to support his wife and children, as well as earn a living from writing. He resorted to alcohol which resulted in a spell in Courtenay Smith's home for inebriates at North Willoughby. It was here he wrote a short story entitled *The Boozers' Home*.

Reminds me how I once went with the wife of another old mate of mine to see him. He was in a lunatic asylum. It was about the worst hour I ever had in my life, and I've had some bad ones. The way she tried to coax him back to his old self. She thought she could do it when all the doctors had failed. But I'll tell you about him some other time.....

Lawson desperately wanted to experience England and contacted David Scott Mitchel and Earl Beauchamp, the Governor of New South Wales. They financed Lawson and his family to the mother country, and relatives and friends tried to ease the transition of the family into English life. The exercise was disastrous and the young family returned to Sydney. Lawson returned alone and it was now clear that Lawson's thoughts were not on Bertha but Hannah Thornburn, a young clerk who had remained on Lawson's mind since his departure from Sydney the year before. Hannah died before Lawson reached Australian soil. Again, Lawson turned to alcohol and although a reconciliation with his wife Bertha was attempted, it was not successful. Lawson broke his ankle when he fell from a twenty-five-metre cliff at Manly and was admitted to Prince Alfred Hospital suffering from alcoholism. He later took refuge in the Thomas Walker Convalescent Hospital. In 1904 he was placed in the care of Mrs Isabel Byers, who had previously taken care of the destitute family in 1899. His wife, Bertha sought maintenance from Lawson but he was unable to pay and therefore Lawson was sentenced to prison. This began a series of imprisonments that lasted until 1910. In all, he spent 159 days in gaol. Henry Lawson's writing became irregular and as his spirit broke, much of his work became maudlin as he sought to relieve his mental illness with copious amounts of alcohol.

At the beginning of the war in 1914, he was sent to live on a small farm near Leeton in New South Wales, accompanied by his faithful carer Mrs Bryers. He was expected to write a few favourable sketches whilst undertaking a few light chores on the farm. After the war, he returned to Sydney and wrote a few articles for the *Bulletin*. In 1920 he received a Commonwealth Literary Pension. Henry Lawson died on the 2nd of September 1922 and received a State Funeral. He was buried in the Waverley Cemetery.

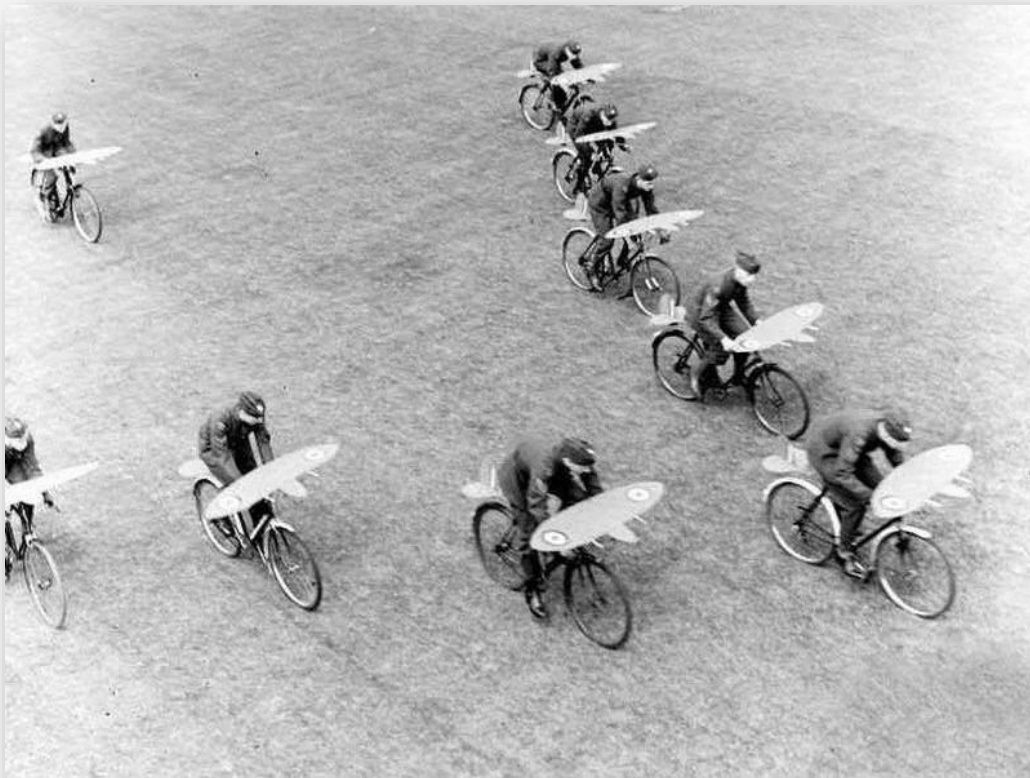


The importance of the Bicycle during the Second World War.

Let us not forget the role of the humble bicycle in war time especially when fuel was rationed and only the most important vehicles, such as military trucks, cars, aircraft and shipping were considered essential to winning the war. The bicycle proved to be necessary for personnel to move around the expansive air force military bases without enemy detection. The bicycle frame and upper half of front lights was daubed in black paint and the only regulation white patches were on the mudguards.

Many men purchased their own bikes as those issued by the RAF were heavy, with a lack of gears and brakes. The bike turned out to be a tradeable commodity, some were scrounged, others *borrowed* from outside the local pub or found in a ditch and some were even passed down from non-returning servicemen. Theft was rampant, a bike left untethered was often borrowed and frequently turned up abandoned outside the guard hut.

Bicycles were used by pilots to practice flight formation and intercepts. They donned head transmitters and listened to instructions from their handlers, until they were classified as ready to maintain disciplined flight.



There were Australian Cycling Corps formed in Egypt in 1916 and these fought on the Western Front during the First World War. They were mainly used as dispatch riders, patrol units and reconnaissance missions. Five units were formed after the Gallipoli evacuation with each company consisting of six cycle platoons and 204 men. New Zealand formed cycling units comprising 26 officers and 310 men. Overall, these units were not as successful as expected due to trench warfare, mud and rubble so often found on the battlefields. They were simply not suited to the conditions and were often left exposed to enemy aircraft and artillery fire. Each cyclist was equipped with a rifle which was attached to the bicycle down tube or slung over the back of the soldier. Overall, about 3,000 men served in the Australian Cycling Corps.



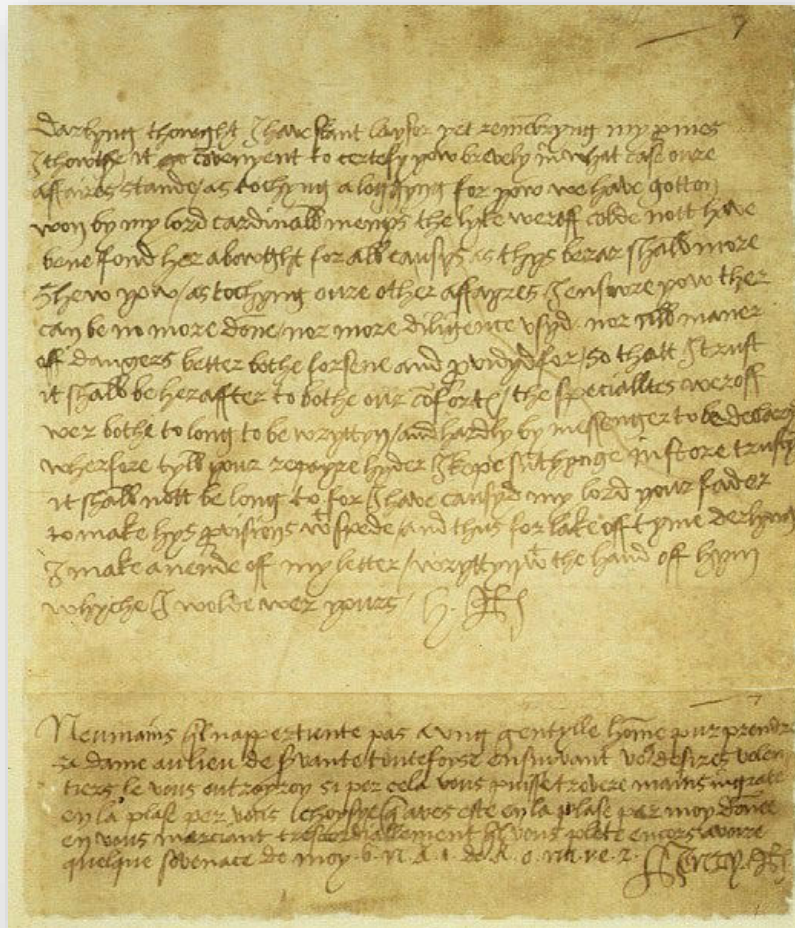
The bicycle was used extensively and with great success by the Japanese to outmaneuver and surprise the British, especially in taking control of Singapore during WW2. They were able to use hidden paths, narrow jungle fringed roads and log bridges to travel the 1,200km long Peninsular in less than 70 days and attack the British, Australian, Indian and Malayan troops. They were also able to move quickly and cut off withdrawing allied forces. The same principal was used successfully by the North Vietnam troops during the Vietnam War.

Let us not underestimate the power and usefulness of the humble bicycle.



A Love Letter to Anne Boleyn

In 1572 King Henry V111 wrote the following letter to the woman he later married and killed. She was Anne Boleyn. This letter was written whilst Henry was still married to his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, who had failed to provide him with a son and heir.



King Henry VIII's letter to Anne Boleyn.

Henry wrote: As touching a lodging for you we have gotten one through my Lord Cardinal's means, the half of which could not have been found around here, for all causes, as this bearer shall more show you. As touching our other affairs, I assure you there can be no more done, nor more diligence used, nor all manner of dangers better both foreseen and provided for, so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our comfort, the specialties whereof were both too long to be written, and hardly to be sent through a messenger.

He finishes with the words - *written with the hand of him who wishes he were yours.*

In the letter he talks of the lodgings that he arranged for Anne in London, as well as his pursuit of her affections and his wish to annul his first marriage.

In 1533, Henry pushed thru the Act of Supremacy and installed himself as the Supreme Head of the Church of England, allowing him to divorce Catherine of Aragon and marry Anne Boleyn. The Act of Supremacy led to a breakaway from the Roman Catholic Church and the beginnings of the English Reformation.

Queenie

Queenie was her nickname, but christened Edith Florence Avenell in Gympie in 1890. She was a dedicated nurse who enlisted in the Australian Army Nursing Service and served in Egypt, France, England and Australia. Prior to enlisting on the 25th April 1915, Queenie worked as a District Hospital Nurse in Mackay and Bowen before being promoted to the position of Hospital Matron in Queensland at the age of 25 years.

Following is a letter written home in 1915 from Helipolis, Egypt.

1st Australian General Hospital, Helipolis, 28th August, 1915.

Dearest Mother and Boys and Doll,

I wrote you a letter some days ago, but I was so tired and sleepy I forgot whether I put it in the right envelope. There was nothing in it that I would be afraid for anyone to see, so if it turns up in a strange way you will understand I am on night duty. Think I told you. Have 250 patients, mostly convalescents, young Fox from Bombandii is one of them. He says poor Edward Williams from "Burrumbring" was killed right beside him, you know he is from Mackay. Everybody seems to be having sorrow and losses in their family now. Poor bright Lucy Wright I saw, died of pneumonia in Melbourne too. I motored out to Helovan yesterday afternoon. It is a pretty run all along the Nile and the roads are just perfect with trees on either side.

Page 2 top of letter torn.

I am getting used to soldiers now. Bugles all day and revellies, and every morning the hoses [horses] go by, miles of them being exercised, one man has four, rides one and holds three. It is the Light Horse. The men are over at the penin. They were so disappointed not being able to take their horses with them. The Sixth Brigade are leaving tomorrow for Anzac, so they will be marching past. As soon as we hear the band, we all fly to look out at them. They often pass on a route march playing the band. I have not had any letters for weeks now, in fact no one has, so the mail must be late. I have a night off next Friday, so Sister Hodgson and I are going up to Alexandria for the day just to have a swim. They have a lovely beach I believe. Have written Will Lee to meet us.

Page 3 parts missing at top. About the heat.

there won't be much left after the war is over, brown grease spots. We have all decided to secure a husband while we are over here, as the boys will be so few and such heroes, the girls in Aust. will rush them, and no one will bother about us. I have had several proposals, but none I like "my fis" with them that's Arabic for the end. "Baccsheesh" means money or present. I can't write the dozens of words I know. Can talk them though the natives Arabs and poor dirty Egyptians cry out to us "baccsheesh" and we say "Emshee Yalla" or it sounds like that it means "Clear Out.

"Eshma" means "Come Here" and "stanna", "stop". "Messquish" means "no good". The natives often say

Page 4 top missing.

The Egyptian men are such darkeyed devils with their little scarlet Fez on, they always wear them and they look at me and with great admiration but we hate their looks. They are mad for women and keep heaps of wives. I have not been inside a harem, but am going to, before I come away. The women are so pretty and wear flowing coloured silk gowns and sit on beautiful rugs and cushions. Well, Mum, I must end off. My patients all have the nightmare – killing Turks, and yelling out. They always do a week after they come from Gallipoli. Quieten down later on. It is so severe on their nerves. Poor chaps. I do think it is a shame they have to go and put up with all this for the sake of the war. I have made such a lot of friends but they might be taken. Heaps of love to you all, Doll and Ken & babies.

Queenie xxxxxxx

In 1919 Queenie married Dr. Harvey Sylvester Walsh. She passed away c1936, in Red Hill, Brisbane, aged 46 years.



1. Ackg.
2. Forward to Military authorities, who alone can help him.

Albert Park,
Via Beenleigh,
Sept. 19th 1914.

Sir,

22.12.14.

I am offering my services again. I should like to help in helping the Empire. I am 15 years of age. I have several plans that may help. If 500 sharp-shoots were raised I should like to help also. I would like to have an interview with your Lord-ship. To the front I want to go if I can. This is one of my plans. There are German Vessels captured in Brisbane. These ought to be turned into war vessels with some heavy guns, if they can be spared.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Basil Stubbs.

To,
Sir Arthur Morgan,
Lieutenant-Governor,
Of Queensland,
Brisbane.

Excuse mistakes.
I am in a hurry.

Thank you for old England.

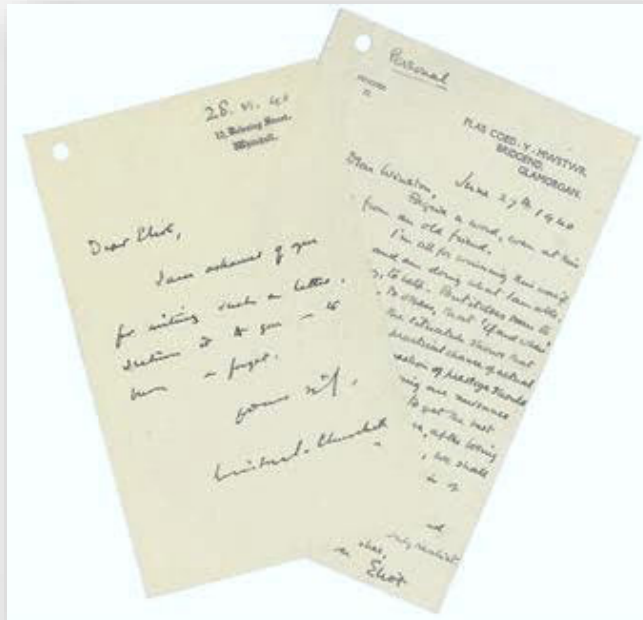
Basil Stubbs was only 14 years old when he wrote to the Lieutenant – Governor of Queensland seeking permission to follow his brother into the war effort. He was one of 14 children and continued his endeavour to join, but was repeatedly refused.

Basil worked on his family's dairy farm, later marrying and fathering one daughter.

A Letter to Sir Winston Churchill and his reply

In May 1940 Winston Churchill was elected as Prime Minister of Britain and immediately came under immense pressure to bow down to Nazi Germany, make a deal and end the war. Churchill's private secretary, Eliot Crawshaw-Williams wrote to him and recommend that Britain should use its,

nuisance value while we have one to get the best peace terms possible. Otherwise, after losing many lives and much money, we shall merely find ourselves in the position of France – or worse. I hope this doesn't sound defeatist; I am not that. Only realist.



Letters to and from Sir Winston Churchill

Had Churchill heeded that message, the course of English history would have been unrecognizable. Churchill replied to this message with one of his own.

I am ashamed of you for writing such a letter. I return it to you to burn & forget.

The letters were not burnt, but sold at *Christie's* Auction rooms in 2010 for **A\$66,610.00**.

Snippet

Is this true?

It was once legal to send children through the U.S. Postal Service.

In January 1913 a couple paid 25 cents for stamps and an unknown amount to insure him for \$50. The boy was delivered to his grandmother's home a mile away.

<https://www.history.com/news/mailling-children-post-office>



Has it ever snowed in Brisbane?



A photo of the country politicians' lodge in the grounds of Parliament House. Members of Parliament paid a fee to stay in *The Lodge*— a building that was demolished in the 1970s. This photo appears to show thick snow or hail dusting the building and its garden.

The date of the photo is uncertain. It forms part of the State Library of Queensland's digitised collection of film negatives from the Truth newspaper, a tabloid that specialised in sport, crime and gossip from 1900 to 1954.

The photo may have been taken during the 1927 snowfall but was not published that month.

Instead, a copy of the photo appears in a December 1933 Truth article about the lodge and politicians' summertime habits and is dated accordingly.

Reports show that snow fell in June 1927, June 1932 and September 1958.

Were air raid shelters ever built in Brisbane? The Brisbane City Council approved the construction of 168 air raid shelters for the protection of more than 11,670 people in the city, South Brisbane and Valley areas in 1942.

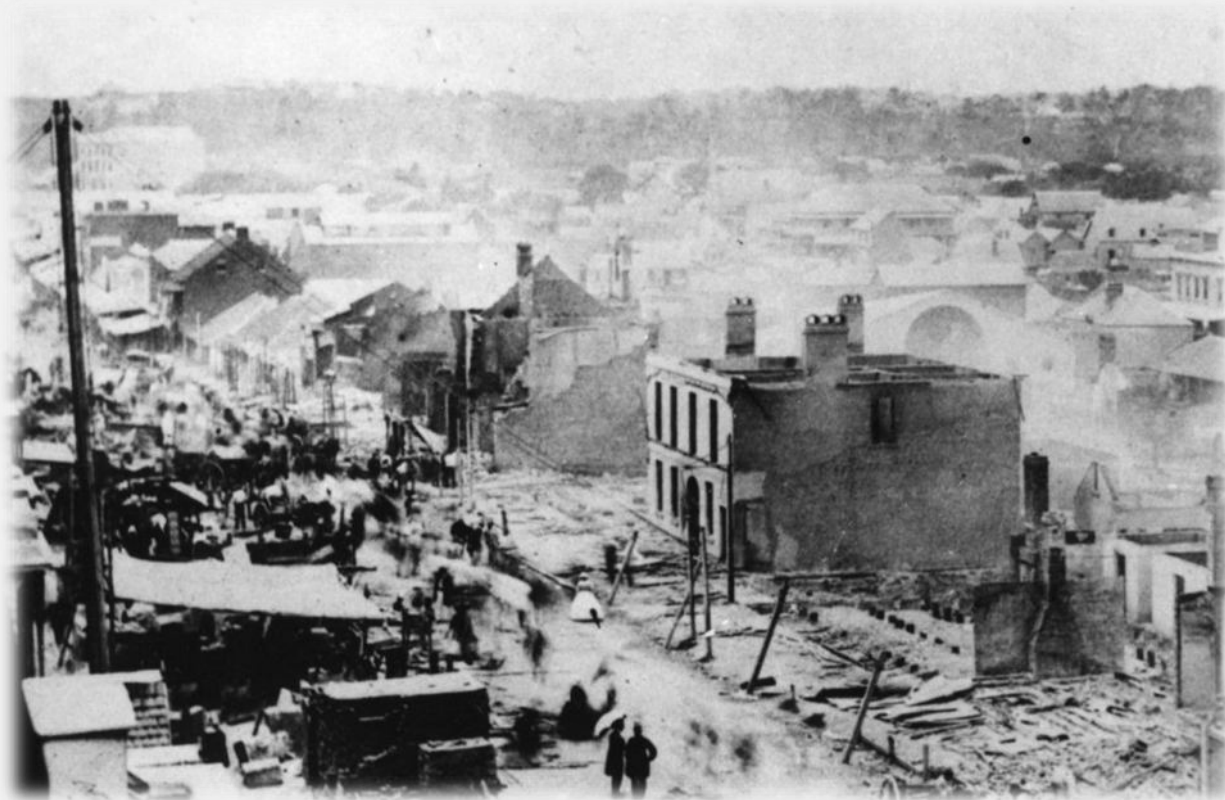
Pill Box shelters were erected in Elizabeth, Eagle and Ann streets and after the war were used as colonnades, garages, public lavatories, garages and public waiting rooms.



Fifteen zig-zag trenches were built in the Botanic Gardens to cater for the students and staff attending the University and Central Technical College. The trenches extended the full length of Alice Street, the sides and base of each trench were concreted and provided accommodation for 1000 people.

Suburban police reported that people were *burrowing like rabbits*. Shelters were built under houses and in the back corners of gardens.

Have you heard of the 1864 Queen Street fire?



Brisbane - 160 years ago, on the 1st of December 1864, a huge fire destroyed a complete block of buildings bordering Elizabeth, George, Queen and Albert Streets in a space of two and a half hours. Fifty houses, two banks, three houses, four draperies and numerous businesses were destroyed.

Two factors contributed to the outcome of the fire – there was no adequate water supply to help dampen the flames and most of the buildings were constructed from timber. Luckily there were no casualties, with only cuts and bruises reported.

Did you know there were battalions of cyclists in the 1st and 2nd World Wars?

In the 1st World War, there were over 200 men assigned to riding bicycles to undertake the tasks of reconnaissance, patrolling and delivering despatches between battalions. This latter task appears to have been the primary and most important task. Although these cyclist battalions were not used as fighting units, they were exposed to enemy fire by aircraft and artillery. They were used in the latter part of the war when the Germans withdrew to the *Hindenburg Line*

The *Hindenburg Line* was a defensive front built by the Germans following the Battle of the Somme in 1917. In 1918 the Germans were forced back behind the line, where they suffered a shortage of food, disintegrating army uniforms and a loss of morale. In nine days, British, French and American troops captured 36,000 prisoners and 380 guns. On October 4th, the Germans sought an armistice and four days later retired from the Siegfriedstellung (Hindenburg Line).



A Sweet Death?

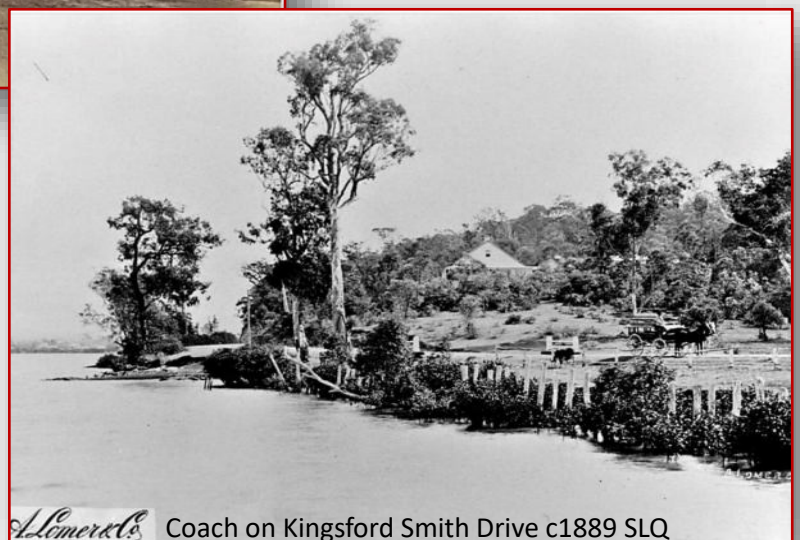
On 10th Sept 2023 nearly 600,000 gallons of red wine ran through the streets of the small Portuguese town of Sao Lourenco do Bairro in Portugal. Two storage tanks had burst allowing the burgundy liquid to run down the narrow hilly street. But did you know that Boston had a similar flood on a more disastrous scale in 1919, but it was not wine on this occasion, but molasses, the black sweet sticky bi-product of sugar production.

On Jan 15th 1919, two million gallons flooded the streets of Boston after the rivets on a 50 feet high storage tank popped and 2,300,000 gallons of molasses surged out. The forty feet wave of molasses travelled at 56 kilometres per hour and killed twenty-one people and injured 150.



Molasses, waist deep, covered the street and swirled and bubbled about the wreckage [...] Here and there struggled a form—whether it was animal or human being was impossible to tell. Only an upheaval, a thrashing about in the sticky mass, showed where any life was [...] Horses died like so many flies on sticky fly-paper. The more they struggled, the deeper in the mess they were ensnared. Human beings—men and women—suffered likewise. The Boston Post

Historical Photos of Interest



What is Chimerism?

In Greek mythology a chimera is a fire breathing creature made from three different animals, a lion's head, a goat's body and a serpent's tail. Today the word is used in genetic terms and found during DNA testing, often unbeknown to the mother or the offspring. Chimerism has recently been in the news when American mother Karen Keegan was suspected of not being the mother of her biological children, after her DNA was tested for a possible kidney transplant. Had she kidnapped them? Who were the parents of the children?

After investigation, Karen was diagnosed as being a Chimera when it was discovered that she had body cells from two different organisms - resulting in two sets of D.N.A. How does this happen?

Chimerism occurs when a woman is pregnant with twins. One embryo dies and other embryo absorbs the twin embryo's cells and thus creates two sets of cells with two distinct sets of DNA. It is estimated that possibly 8% of fraternal twins may end up with Chimerism. If a mother has triplets the percentage may rise to 21%. With the increase in fertility clinics resulting in multiple pregnancies, one could suspect there may be an increase in chimerism.

What are the causes of Chimerism?

There are mainly three causes. It may be caused during conception when an embryo picks up the cells from an embryonic twin that fails to develop and is absorbed during the pregnancy.

A second way Chimerism can occur is when a patient is given an organ transplant. The healthy donor's organ replaces the damaged organ and retains its cells and DNA. Thus, there are now two sets of cells and two sets of D.N.A. The same phenomena occurs when a patient receives a donor's bone marrow. The new bone marrow produces new blood cells from the donor, which contain new DNA. The original patient may now have a different blood type than before the procedure.

This is why an organ transplant or bone marrow transplant recipient cannot take a DNA test and receive valid DNA data that leads to discovering their true ancestors.

Symptoms of Chimerism

Most people will not know they have a 2nd set of cells unless they failed a DNA test. There is no mandated screening and little is known of the condition in the medical community. Often paternity tests fail with resulting custodial rights lost, which is a sad result in the process.

Thank you to Dr Poonam Sachdev - Children's Health on *Web MD*

Odd Spot

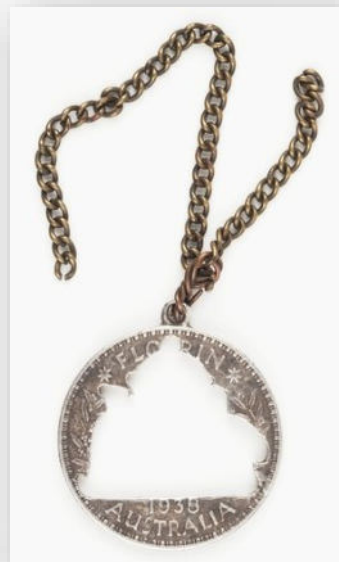
Between 1718 and 1775, Britain sent 50,000 convicts to America. This was a quarter of all British arrivals during those years. It is estimated that over 120,000 convicts were transported between 1617 and 1775. Why was 1775 so important? In 1775 transportation of convicts ceased due to the War of Independence and it was at this time that Americans began to downplay the numbers and their significance.

Today the majority of Americans deny their convict heritage which is not surprising as Thomas Jefferson lied about the total number sent. He claimed that less than 2,000 were transported,

I have no book by me which enables me to point out the date of commencement. But I do not think the whole number sent would amount to 2000 and being principally men eaten up with disease, they married seldom and propagated little. I do not suppose that themselves and their descendants are at present 4000, which is little more than one thousandth part of the whole inhabitation.

A Story of Love and War

Before Private Robert Towers left his isolated farming community of Beech Forest on the edge of the Otway Range in Southern Victoria, he presented his girlfriend Lois Hendriksen, with a heart-felt gift – a pendant made by cutting the centre from a silver florin. He presented the coat of arms section to Lois and wore the remaining part around his neck. He promised Lois that when the two parts were joined once more, the war would be over and they could be together.



Private Sydney Riley, Private Robert Towers and Private Allan Clinch. This photo was taken in Malaya c. 1941. All three were killed, Sydney Riley and Allan Clinch in 1942 in Malaya. Robert Towers died on 8th November 1943 in a Prisoner of War Camp.

Robert was a winch driver in the 2/29th Battalion stationed in Malaya. He was captured when Singapore fell to the Japanese in February 1942 and held in a Prisoner of War camp. He was later transferred to Japan where he may have worked in mining, smelting, the ship yards or forestry. Robert died of pneumonia and pleurisy in Kobe in October 1943. Robert's precious belongs were returned to his mother. Lois visited his mother and discovered amongst the few personal items, the other half of her keepsake pendant. The two pieces were joined once more.

Robert Tower's remains were interred in the Yokohama Cemetery, Japan. Lois married in 1946, donated the pendant to the Australian War Memorial in 1998 and died in 2012.

The year was 1964 and I had graduated from primary school and moved onto secondary education, when a new song became popular on the radio, *I Want to Hold Your Hand* by a new British band called *The Beatles*. I had received a transistor radio for Christmas, so I listened to pop music whenever I chose. Although Elvis Presley was still very popular, it was not long before everyone was singing along to the Beatles. We sang *She Loves You* and my three-year-old nephew Bruce, still a *Little Child*, joined in too.

Very quickly the Beatles shot to the top of the music charts and to fame: they were *Flying*. When the Fab Four sang *Listen, do You Want to Know a Secret*, every teenage *Girl* believed *The Beatles* were singing just to her and not *Another Girl*. *I Should have Known Better*, but like everyone else, I plastered their photo on my bedroom walls and tried to *Act Naturally* when my parents entered the room. Wisely they decided to *Let I Be*. At the end of the day, I said *Good Night* to John, Paul, George and Ringo before succumbing to *Golden Slumbers*. Soon I was singing *Here Comes the Sun* and another day at high school had begun, where I knew *I'd Get By With A Little Help From My Friends*.

The Long and Winding Road of secondary school continued, sometimes I silently yelled *Help, Slow Down, It's Been a Hard Days Night*. Five years flew by before I embarked on *The Magical Mystery Tour* of adulthood and all those years became *Yesterday*. No longer did I buy a *Ticket to Ride* the bus, for soon I would *Drive My Car*. I had grown *Wings* and said *Hello Goodbye* to high school and hello to the next phase of my life. *The End*

A Dog's Day in Court

Retelling a court case by **Carmel Galvin**

Did your ancestors own a dog?

Newspapers can reveal extraordinary details about our ancestors' lives. This report retells a court case involving my husband's great grandparents, Charles Edward Stirling and Maud Gothard who were living in Glebe, an inner Sydney suburb, in 1898. In August of that year, a case involving ownership of their dog was heard at the Glebe Police Court. Their three children, twins Charles and Essie - six years old, and Gordon just four, appear to have been in court with their parents.

Charles Stirling accused Mr. Speight a resident of Glebe Point, of detaining his collie dog valued at £15 without just cause. Charles claimed that Mr. Speight refused to return the dog upon request.

During the hearing, the dog was brought into the courtroom by order of Mr. Isaacs, the presiding magistrate. The dog sniffed around the courtroom, showing recognition and affection towards members of Charles's family, particularly his wife Maud. She claimed to have raised the dog. When she left the courtroom, the dog attempted to follow her by scratching at the courtroom door and when she re-entered *the animal at once jumped up at her as if pleased to see her*.

The dog's behaviour led Mr. Isaacs to request expert testimony from Mr. Edward Roberts, who had 40 years of experience with dogs. Mr. Roberts confirmed the dog's attachment to Maud and her children, noting that such affection indicated a longer acquaintance than the 10 days claimed by the defence. Based on this evidence, the magistrate ruled in favour of the Stirling family and ordered Mr. Speight to return the dog and pay the court costs.

A win for the Stirling family as the dog exhibited true loyalty.



1898 'Notes.', The Sydney Mail and New South Wales Advertiser (NSW: 1871 1912), 13 August, p. 369. <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/163811464>

I was excited to be able to attend primary school - Mitcham Primary in an Adelaide suburb, just south of the city. At last, I could go to the same school as my big brother. I rode my bike to school and read lots of new books. In grade 4 the teacher placed me next to a girl called Susan; we have a lot in common as each had lost a parent. Many years later we recognize what a kind gesture it was and remained friends ever since.

The school had wide verandas with bench seats on which we ate our lunch before going to play. There was a large bitumen area for ball sports and skipping games. Girls took it in turns to turn the big ropes and complicated skipping games were preformed to chanted rhymes. The game of Red Rover involving most of the school children lining up at each end of the bitumen rectangle was extremely popular. A cry of *Red Rover* began the game and each line tried to run to the other end of the rectangle and not get tagged on the way. Mitchum School had the benefit of large grounds and grassy areas for more ball games and general play and was not bounded by any streets, thus there was no passing traffic.



Mitchum Primary School. Photo courtesy of Jdtravers

We sat at allocated desks for the whole year in every grade and underneath the desk we kept our books, precious pencil case and ruler. Monitors were charged with filling the inkwells, cleaning the chalkboard, which necessitated banging the chalky pads on the outside walls to remove excess chalk. We lay the fireplace, sharpened the pencils using the large rotary sharpener on the teacher's desk. The senior girls were allowed into the staff room to wash the teachers' cups!

At the beginning of the day, we lined up in pairs outside the classroom, marched in and stood behind our desks and greeted our teacher. If another teacher, or especially the headmaster entered our room, we scraped back our chairs, stood and chanted *Good Morning Mr Habich* and waited to be allowed to sit down. Every Friday morning, we assembled in the quadrangle; smaller children in the front ranging to taller children at the back. We chanted an oath to obey the Queen, respect the laws of the country, sang *God Save the Queen* and listened to an address from the headmaster. We then marched around the area accompanied by the school fife band.

I loved being in class. Our mental arithmetic was sharpened by doing speed and accuracy tests most mornings, I loved geography, writing the names of towns and rivers on a blank map of Australia. I loved history, learning a smattering of (White) Australian history, the indigenous culture being sadly neglected. I loved social history, writing the names of products on maps of English towns and loved reading aloud and acting in class plays, even though I was extremely shy.

We had a crackly loud speaker system in every classroom on which we listened to radio broadcast for children and music to sing to. Handwriting competitions, yes, I loved those too. The best examples were displayed on boards on our wide verandahs. Mastering the copperplate up stroke and down stroke with a pen nib dipped into an inkwell was no mean feat, especially for the left-hander. I even loved school milk, especially in winter, when it was icy cold.

Year 7 brought the Progress Certificate Exams which had to be passed before you progressed to high school. This exam emphasised the ability to learn facts and manipulate numbers, but did not measure resourcefulness, stamina, problem solving or maturity.

I don't remember any bullying at school, but children are pretty well self-absorbed, so maybe I didn't see it. I remember a girl of small stature and she was included in all of our games, and a tall aboriginal girl, who may have come from a Home, but again she was not excluded.

In the 1950s, Adelaide suburbs were pretty much of a similar income level. Yes, some of the girls were better off with fathers who were bank managers or doctors; they had pretty party shoes and maybe a few prettier dresses to wear out, but mostly at school, children were dressed similarly. There were no special backpacks, pencil cases or lunch boxes in those days, let alone mobile phones, electronic gadgets or fashionable sneakers to show off at school. Most families did not have television or cars and many still had iceboxes.

I have a black and white movie which my father filmed during an open day, in about 1956. It depicts us riding to school, playing in the grounds and marching into class. Looking at the Mitcham School website today is a very different place. There is colour! There are specialist rooms for music, drama, library and areas for younger children to play on interesting equipment in landscaped gardens with seating and areas to explore. No more rows of desks and definitely no marching. I wonder if today's students would recognise the school of our home movie? They might see their grandparents or even their great grandparents.

Do you recognise these?



School Days

Louise Ball

Let me tell you about my primary school and you will probably weep, not from sadness, but envy. It was the Riana Area School, built in the 1950s in Tasmania. and an example of the latest idea in modern schools. Instead of maintaining a host of small one or two-teacher schools scattered around a region, it amalgamated these into a super-duper facility which consisted of grade one to grade nine on the one premises.

It was a farm school with grades seven to nine specializing in agriculture. It possessed tennis and basketball courts sports oval, a modern hall, canteen facilities a magnificent library, and a huge vegetable garden. The only facility it lacked was a swimming pool, but that did not bother us; we were Tasmanian and did not possess the swimming gene.



Can you imagine arriving at school in gumboots and a thick coat, slipping into fluffy slippers and walking from the classroom to the library, to the hall, to the toilets without ever stepping outside and experiencing the cold wet weather? Oh yes, we were privileged and spoilt. If the rain was pelting down at dismissal time, we lined up in the curved glass-fronted portico and waited for the bus to stop, before quickly running down the tiered pathway to clamber aboard.

These area schools were inspired by the Tasmanian Director of Education, Mr G. V. Brooks, who travelled to the United States and England, where he witnessed a type of school that was perfect for the rural areas of Tasmania. It focused on practical skills, such as woodwork, ironwork, animal husbandry and cropping, allowing secondary students to learn and implement these skills on the family farm. In 1930, there were over 650 small schools in growing disrepair, as well as poor teacher retainment, so the idea of a modern area school appeared to be the answer.



Today's students are pampered with excursions, school camps, whiteboards, computer laboratories, art classes, band practice and a host of extra activities. The down side is their exposure to stranger danger, food allergies, bullying, cyber security, peer group pressure and anxiety. Would you swap your school experience of the 1950s and 60s for today?



Trivia

What is the tradition of a bride carrying a bouquet of flowers at her wedding? Most wedding in the 1500s occurred in the month of June because people took their yearly bath in May and it was thought that the bride and groom should still smell fresh a month later. The bouquet of flowers supposedly masked any lingering odours.

There was an order to bathtime. The *man of the house* bathed first, followed by sons, then the women, children and babies. The water was filthy by the time it was the baby's turn, hence the saying, *Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater*.

I spent six years at a rural one-teacher school just thirty miles (crow flying distance) from the Melbourne G.P.O. It is hard to image being considered as living in an isolated farming community so close to the centre of a major Olympic Games City. We were not connected to the power grid until I was eight years old. Our school, the Balliang East State School did not have lights or electric heating, but a wood fire warmed us in winter. There were about fifteen children ranging from five to eleven years and we played together like a large family. In my year level there were only two children which later became three, so I was always first, second or on a bad day third in every subject.



Alan Ball c 1958 in a school photo costing 3s 6d.

Mr Charlie Herben, was my teacher for six years and he was considered by the Education Department, parents and students as a brilliant teacher, valuable community member, and likeable man. Yes, he owned a cane, but it never saw the light of day. Charlie helped out on the local wheat farms bagging their wheat grain in the summer holidays and coached a local football team in the winter. He was kind and heated our school milk up, added cocoa and sugar, and poured it into mugs for us during the cold winter months. Best of all, he read us books, (yes, all fifteen of us ranging from grade one to grade six) listened to wonderful adventures in the one roomed school on a cold rainy day. There was a tiny annexe attached, which housed our coats, bags, jug and cocoa cups. On a fine day, we played together and built villages out of pine needles under the shady pine trees. One in, all in.

We enjoyed excursions, I remember going to the Melbourne Zoo and the Melbourne Olympic Games. All the children piled into two cars with Mr Herben driving one car and a parent driving the other. In summer we travelled to the Bacchus Marsh Pool where I learnt to swim and as a treat, I was allowed to buy my lunch which consisted of a pie, a salad roll and a Choo Choo Bar, which totalled two shillings.

Each morning Mr Herben wrote up the day's tasks for all six grades on the blackboard and we followed our designated lesson on our own, while he taught a younger class of two or three children. We read the usual *John and Betty and Scotty the Dog* school readers and recited the times tables repeatedly, so I remember them perfectly today. We undertook nature walks, picked mushrooms and checked out frosty puddles. We even played paper chase games on foggy mornings which Mr Herben had set up prior to our arrival at school. There were no school uniforms and I wore shorts all year round. Yes, I wore Kiwi polished black leather shoes in winter and plastic sandals in summer and owned an over the shoulder leather satchel. We did not have to undertake homework which pleased me as I went home to play football, cricket, ride my bike and drive the tractor, not homework. Ahh, they were the days!

I was fortunate to have been sent to two good schools in England. At the age of eight I found myself at a prep school called *Highfield*. My brother Vernon was a senior there at the time. We followed tradition, for our father had been a pupil at *Highfield* many years before. The headmaster was a man of the cloth, a Canon in the Church of England. I never saw him dressed in anything other than his black ecclesiastical robes. Some parents referred to him as one of the *Dark Satanic Mills*, to us he was just *Bug*.

Prep schools in England have the primary objective of getting their pupils into public schools (private schools) by passing the Common Entrance Exam. This I achieved and moved to Winchester College, where I spent the next three and a half years. This College was founded in 1382 by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. He was keen to educate more clergy for the nation's churches. Their numbers had been decimated by the Black Death. One of William's tenets was to make education available to all, regardless of income.



The original buildings formed four sides of a quadrangle called Chamber Court, the chapel stood on one side with accommodation and classrooms on the other three sides. The surface of Chamber Court is cobbled with flint-stones and I doubt if there has been any wear in the past 600 years. The scholars still live in the original medieval buildings, although they no longer eat their meals from wooden platters (meat on one side, pudding on the other), but they still wear black gowns throughout the day.

It was not until 1860 that boarding houses were introduced to accommodate what were called *Commoners* (young men who were not as brilliant as the scholars). The boarding houses were large domestic buildings converted to house forty young men and their House Master. Conditions were cramped as they had to provide dormitories, a study area for each man, a cubicle for each Prefect and ablution facilities. The latter consisted of four tin tubs on a cement floor. In my day it was compulsory for every man to have three hot tubs per week. It was also compulsory to have a tub after a game of football. If a hot tub was unavailable, then one had to take a full body dip in the cold rinsing tub. Living together with forty other young men meant that we developed a close bond. This resulted in fierce competition on the field between the scholars of ten boarding houses.

As one might expect many traditions have evolved over the past 600 years, most of these traditions relate to privileges that come with seniority. For instance, one could not furl one's umbrella until one had been there for two years. A three-year man could leave the buttons of his jacket undone, wear a narrow hat band, and allowed to walk on Flint Court. He was also exempt from having a cold bath every morning, a duty of the juniors.

There were also some bizarre traditions, such as the right of the Senior College Prefect to be carried naked down College Street. I understand that this privilege was exercised as little as twenty years ago. Not to be out done, the Senior Commoner Prefect was allowed to run naked down Kingsgate Street.

Perhaps one of the most memorable traditions was what we called Illumina. As the Latin name implied it was about light. The tradition started as a celebration of the removal of a wall. In 1862, that separated the Commoners from the playing fields. Illumina was an end of term celebration, coupled with a Christmas party. A bonfire was lit in the *Warden's Garden* and our only light came from a small candle held in each man's hand. We ate mince pies and drank mulled wine and sang the school song, *Domum* with gusto. *This song was said to have been written by a scholar who was not allowed to return home when the school was evacuated because of the Plague in 1660. He is said to have carved the words into the Domum tree and then hanged himself from its branches.*

The students make their way to the playing fields to which the Commoners had gained access in 1862. On two sides of the field are high flint-covered medieval walls. In these walls there are hundreds of tiny holes where flints have been prized out. The holes are called temples and into these the students place the candles. There is nothing more moving than sitting quietly in the middle of the playing field and watching those candles go out, one by one, until the last one flickers and dies. One is left embraced by the darkness and the spirit of those who have gone before.



St Catherine's Hill and Winchester College, in Winchester, Hampshire, UK. Photograph taken by Hugh Chevalliera from the top of the Tower of Winchester Cathedral.

School Days in Tewanтин

Bev Warner

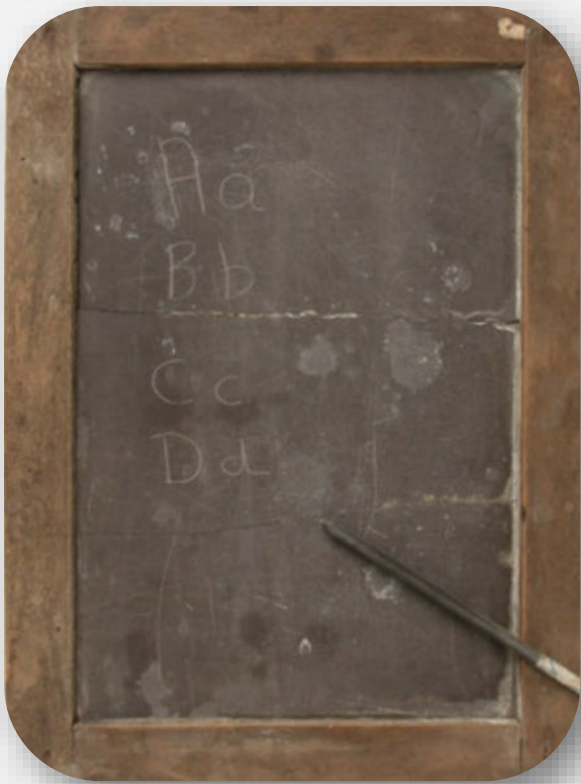
Strange how one can remember certain things from the past! One of these being my mum taking me into the headmasters' office to register me to go to school. I am sure she breathed a sigh of relief as she did not have to put up with me for another year, as she had two younger children still at home. My older brother had started school four years before me.

My early schooling was at the Tewanтин State School, situated where it is today on the corner of Poinciana Avenue and Werin Street. There were two main buildings, which are still there, with an older building in between which held the headmasters' office at the front and a small room on the opposite of the hallway used for many purposes including the dentist and school nurse. Down the hallway towards the parade ground was a class room on the left and the teacher's staff room on the right with a verandah running along the end. However, in later years, a fire took hold and destroyed this section. Every morning, we paraded on the large area of bitumen between the two buildings. We stood to attention while singing *God Save the Queen* and once parade was over, we marched back to our classrooms to the sound of the *Colonel Bogie March*.

To the left of these three buildings near the headmaster's house, stood an old army hut where Mr. Leadbeater took music classes and at the other end metal tubs full of water-soaked strips of cane and waited for us to work our magic.



Bev Warner and her two brothers.



My first teacher was Mrs. Young who always taught grade one. When you walked into her room, words on card were strung from wall to wall. There were no books or pencils, just slate boards, a slate pencil and a sponge which we dipped in Dettol to clean the boards. When the pencil became blunt, we walked down stairs and rubbed it on the concrete to put a point back on it. The noise that pencil made as it scratched across the slate is still etched in my memory.

In 1950's there was a program for school children to receive free milk every day. This came in small glass bottles with a silver metallic lid. Crates were delivered around 9.30am and placed under the large fig tree with long wooden seats underneath. Lucky classes were able to collect theirs, while the milk was still cold as it was never refrigerated. Opening the bottle was a process, one was supposed to press down with your palm and then twist the top. Most of us used our thumb to push through the lid which could be very messy at times. If your class came up after the milk had been out on a hot Queensland morning, the taste would be sickening by little lunch, that's if you were game to drink it! You had to remember to shake the bottle otherwise you received a mouth full of warm sometimes lumpy cream. Needless to say, this turned me off drinking a glass of milk.

Mrs. Caffery always rewarded us for work well done with her homemade pecan nut toffee. Another treat at the end of the year was in a very large green bag containing dry ice and inside was an ice-cream for everyone of us! Tuck-shop was also a treat (mainly sandwiches) and situated under the building on a trestle table. After lunch most of the girls headed down to the side of the oval where large pine trees had been planted many years before. Here we made cubby houses with many rooms, by raking up the needles with a branch.

As I mentioned previously, my older brother started school four years before me and one day when he was in grade eight, he broke his leg. I still have a vivid memory of me hanging out of the grade four room windows watching two male teachers carrying him up from the oval. Another memory was a little better, I remember learning to dance the *Barn Dance* and the *Pride of Erin* in preparation for our Fancy Dress Ball, which was held in the School of Arts building down town.

In the older grades my favorite subject was Anthology. How I wish I still had my homework book with its decorated pages. Other subjects like Reading, Writing and Arithmetic were just something you had to do. We used pencils from grade two to grade five and then progressed to nib pens by grade six. Boys mixed up the ink powder with water and put it in the ink wells in our desks. Did I mention Sewing lessons taught in year seven; needless to say, it was not my favorite subject?

If you were lucky you were picked to be Roll Monitor and went around the class rooms and collected the school rolls after the class attendance had been marked off. This position enabled you to go into the staff room before break up days and pack the small white paper bags with boiled lollies. In year eight, I attended High School.

Tewantin Provisional School No 181 opened in the 2nd August 1875. It was known as the Tewantin State School, Tewantin Public School and the Tewantin State Primary School. There are 580 students enrolled in 2024.

What am I going to write about? Everyone has these words drumming in their head when facing the challenge of writing, especially with a time limit. The Writers' Group cope with this scenario every month, especially the demented few who have been attending for over eighteen years. We march excuses through our heads, hoping for a unique genuine reason for squibbing the task. We try out the same old ones, such as I forgot it, the dog ate it, my baby brother tore it to pieces. Do these remind you of school days? You would think we could come up with something better sixty years later. I suppose we could use – I had a heart attack, the arthritis in my fingers was so painful that I could not type or I had a doctor's appointment, but did your appointment last for a month, no, poor attempt? I simply forgot is a good one; it appears to fit the bill in 2024, as we are all getting on in years.

I have now written eight lines of absolute trash with no effort. It appears that writing without anxiety or concern for the final product works. Should I stop or try again to write a sensible report worthy of being included in *Missing Link*?

Our February challenge provided us with the opportunity to reminisce about our *First Job*. Do you remember yours? We looked back and trawled up the challenges of a paper delivery service, working in a vegetable cannery, ministering to customers in the lingerie section of *Weedman's*, a small women's department store in Brisbane. Another member experiencing a two-week work experience in the early days of a television station where nobody knew what they were doing. One member displayed contempt for our unworthy holiday jobs and thought his position as a Jackaroo in the desolate outback of Australia qualified as serious and meaningful. Yes, I am forced to agree with this attitude, as he had travelled from England to Australia as a *Five Pound Pom* with only twelve pounds in his pocket. Yes, it was courageous.

In March our Writers' topic was *Witness to History* where we remembered the death of President Kennedy, Princess Diana, Dr Victor Chang and those of the 7/11 disaster. The 1974 Brisbane Floods and 1983 Ash Wednesday fire disaster in South Australia and Victoria were again experienced.

Our April our topic is *A little known Ancestor*, which will again reignite the angst and possible excuses mentioned in the first paragraph. Why do we do it, because it is fun? Writers Group meet on the 2nd Wednesday of the month at 9-9.15am. You are welcome.

Scottish Group

Bev Warner

Badrisk

Lola McDonald

Badrisk is found in the Parish of Latheron and in the County of Caithness in Scotland. It was the residence of Isabella Dunbar in the 1891 Census. Isabella, listed as a former Domestic Servant was living with her son-in-law Roderick McKay, whose occupation was Shepherd, presumably on the property. Isabella's death certificate states that she died a Pauper. *Badrisk* is now abandoned,

Roderick and Isabels' daughter Catherine, migrated to Australia after Isabel's death. They arrived with seven children, including my Grandmother Annie and settled in West Cooroy. Roderick and Catherine were buried in Cooroy.

English Group

Margaret Rickard

A snippet that may help you when searching for that elusive ancestor. Supplied by Julie Kinloch

Apprentices: Check Ancestry.com - Register of Duties Paid for Apprentices' Indentures, 1710-1811. Participants were apprenticed at age 7 years and worked long hours in the factories. This collection contains registers of the money received for the payment on taxes for an apprentice's indenture between 1710-1811. The registers kept track of the money paid by masters of a trade to keep an apprentice. The dates in the records show when the tax **was paid**, which may differ from when the apprenticeship started or finished. Before 1752, the apprentice's parents' names were included, but afterward that date it was a rare occurrence. The records include: Sum received; Name of master; Address of master; Trade; Name of apprentice; Date of articles of apprenticeship.

The masters did not have to pay stamp duty on the apprentices that were assigned by the common or public charge of any township or parish. **This means a lot of apprentices won't be included in these records.** Local or charity records are the best place to find records of these types of apprenticeships.

Sample of Julie's research:

James Purcell, born about 1754, (the son of James Purcell born 1720 and Alice Fitter) was apprenticed to 15 years old Thomas Holyoake, a Needle maker of Studley, for two years from 1769 to 1771. Normal time served was for seven years.

T & J. Holyoake and Sons was one of the oldest companies in Redditch, reputedly going back to 1734. Holyoake was prominent in Redditch town's early Wesleyan Methodist Church.

Irish Group

Peggy Radford

Hollyford, Tipperary

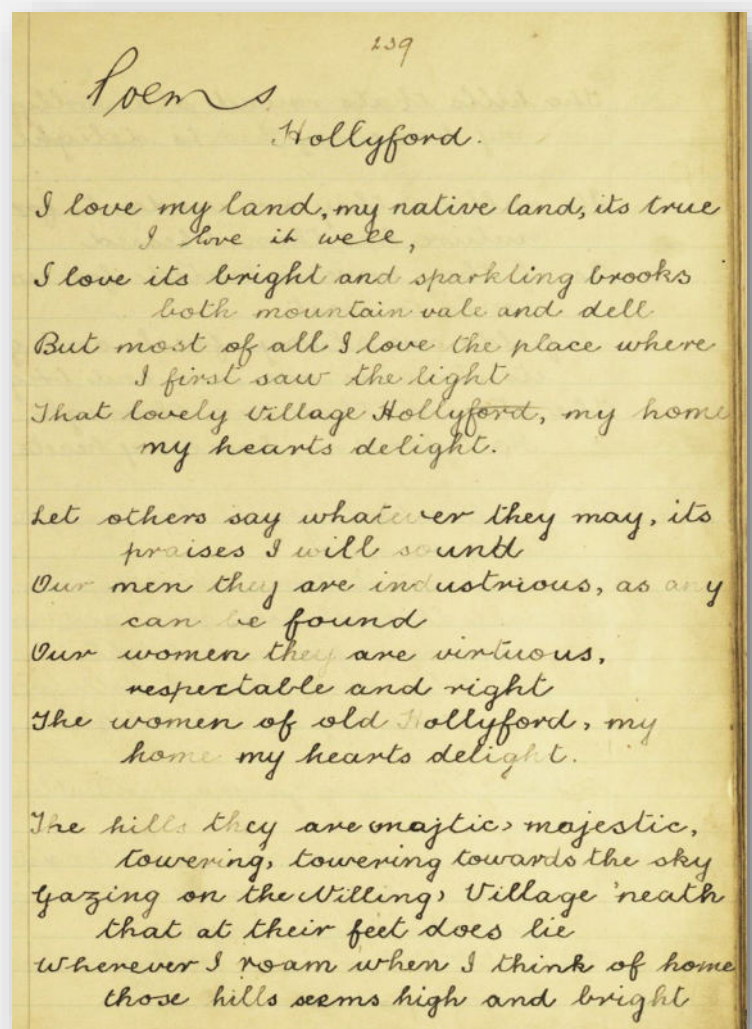
by Richard Leonard

Most of my Irish Ancestors originated from around the village of Hollyford in the northern parts of County Tipperary. My curiosity led me to investigate a little more about this small country village. I came across the web site <https://www.duchas.ie> with a collection of recipes, stories and poems from local schools. I attach a small portion from the poem *Hollyford*.

This poem was received by Martin Lysaght and presented to the school collection by Peggy O'Dwyer.

Snippet

What is the only Protestant town in Ireland? The one street village of Drum (Droim in Irish - meaning *the ridge*) is situated in the County of Monaghan in the Republic of Ireland. It is populated mostly by the descendants of the Ulster Loyalists and Ulster Scots settlers of the 17th century, during the time of the government sanctioned *Plantation of Ulster*, a planned form of colonization created by King James against the Gaelic nobility. There is no Catholic Church in this village, only the Presbyterian Church shown on the left.



Cooroy-Noosa Genealogical & Historical Research Group Inc.

Honorary Office Bearers 2024-2025

President	Tom Heitmann
Vice President	Richard Dock
Secretary	Heather West
Treasurer	Helga Hill
Committee plus above	Joan Sussmilch
	Carmel Galvin
	John Sparrow
Library	Rosalie Stewart
	Peggy Radford
Media	Claudia Gaber
Membership	Pam Sweeney
Auditor	David Cramb
Journal	Helga Hill
	Liz Diggles
	Louise Ball
I.T	John Sparrow
Web Master	Carmel Galvin
Guest Speakers	Carmel Galvin
Providore	Robyn Holton



Winner of The Centenary Medal 2019

Aims and Objectives of the Group

Promote and encourage the study of genealogy, heritage and local history, record and index local monumental inscriptions, parish records and historical material. Conduct workshops and social events, share resources amongst members, extend and maintain our library holdings and hold regular monthly meetings

Benefits of Membership

Members may use research room resources at a reduced rate. Magazines and books are available for borrowing as well as access to the internet and major genealogical websites. Our magazine *Missing Link* publishes Members' Interests and is distributed twice a year. Experienced researchers are available to help new members.

Subscriptions

Initial Joining Fee SIO 00

Single Yearly Fee \$45 00

Family Yearly Fee \$55 .00

Electronic payments are available at the Heritage Centre

Client Research Service

Our Client Research Team is currently undertaking research for clients and members.

If you are interested in this service, please contact the Client Research Coordinator, PO Box 792, Cooroy, Qld 4563 or email info@genealogy-noosa.org.au to request an application form.

A fee of \$25 applies to all requests with fees by negotiation thereafter.

Reciprocal Research arrangements

Your current membership card allows you access to the facilities of the following societies

Caloundra Family History Research Centre

Genealogy Sunshine Coast

Gympie Family History Society

Queensland Family History Society

Publications for sale

Pictorial Records of Noosa Shire Cemeteries 1873-2004 on CD \$15 (including postage & handling).

Pioneer Families of Cooroy & District on CD in PDF format \$15

(including postage & handling).

Echoes of the Past \$25 (plus \$15 postage& handline).

The contents of the *Missing Link* are copyright. Copyright remains with the author, or where no author is attributed, the editor or CHG&HRG Inc. as appropriate. All enquiries regarding articles and information should be directed to the editors of the *Missing Link* at info@genealogy-noosa.org.au

The Editors reserve the right to correct articles in order that the article is where deemed necessary grammatically correct [except where quotations are used]. It is not our intention to change the story line but to present articles in a readable format.

Missing Link is the official journal of the Cooroy-Noosa Genealogical & Historical Research Group Inc.

ISSN 1329-7597 ©

CNG&HRG Inc.